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A ROMANCE OF THE FLYER.

The fine weather of early September of 1888 had brought great crowds to the Nebraska state fair, and the exhibition had passed off with more than ordinary eclat. The Sunday following the fair was quiet and restful, made intensely so by contrast with the bustling

Field, the father of Mary, had a moderate income as a Philadelphia lawyer, but he went to Chicago after that city had recovered from the great fire and the panic, and by fortunate investments he rapidly gained riches. Mary was an only child and was as dear to him as the apple of his eye. She had been given a fine education at Ogontz and then took a long tour of foreign travel. She had developed into a very sweet and attractive young woman, and did not lack for admirers, but apparently reciprocated the sentiment of none of them. Harry and she had been fond of each other as boy and girl, but they had not met for ten years. Harry heard occasional rumors of her engagement and felt a vague dissatisfaction, but he hardly would have confessed that he was in love.

When Mary took her seat in the parlor car the next day she was attired in a traveling gown that blended harmoniously with the peacock-blue of the seats in her compartment. The rich velvet curtains, with their glistening nickel supports, the Wilton carpet and cut-glass windows, together formed a beautiful and appropriate setting for her graceful form and intellectual face. She was surrounded by luxurious appointments such as are usually found in the richest city homes. Her first exclamation was of surprise at the magnificence of the train. From her seat she could see up

and down the aisle that ran through from one car to another, connecting the various apartments in one unbroken vista, radiant with a luxury unsurpassed in the Orient. A group of children were enjoying a game of hide-

he has behaved well and prospered." "Will you go and tell him that we should like to have him dine with us this evening?" "You had better do it on paper; send him a written invitation. Ring the bell and see if the porter cannot get you some paper."

A touch of an electric bell at the side of the car summoned a good looking colored boy in neat uniform, who speedily brought Miss Mary some of the royal Irish linen paper kept on the train for the accommodation of the passengers, together with pen and ink. Placing a book on her lap for a desk, she hastily penned the following invitation: "Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Field to Mr. Bell, for tea, Monday, Sept. 15th, at 6:30. Car 'Liverpool' Section."

The colored functionary was told to find Mr. Bell and bring a reply. Bell sent his acceptance without a moment's hesitation, and then realized that he had not had time to change his rough working suit. His trunk was in the baggage car, but how to get at its contents was a problem that another colored attendant was called upon to solve. The ring of his bell brought a smiling porter, who arranged an apartment in which Bell made the desired change after getting the clothing from his trunk in the baggage car. He found all toilet conveniences at hand, including hot and cold water, and did not wait for evening before calling on the Fields in their car. He found the ladies reading late novels obtained from the library in the car, while Mr. Field was just finishing a letter, writing on a table placed before him by the porter. They were all glad to see him, and a pleasant afternoon was spent in reminiscences of their Philadelphia homes and questions as to the whereabouts of mutual friends. Shortly after six o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Field led the way to the dining car "Burlington"

were quiet, the passengers were enjoying comfortable beds and no one could be seen in the aisles, save here and there a dozing porter. Far in front, the engineer, with his hand on the throttle, peered with trained eye from the window of his cab along the track so widely illumined by the great headlights. Hundreds of men were guarding the safety of that train. Records of its movements published along the electric wire to where busy hands were noting its progress and sleepless brains were guiding its course. When our party awoke in the morning they were nearing Denver.

The Fiecks drove over the city of the mountains and then went on to Manitou. Mr. Bell's business kept him in the city two days, and then he also went to the famed mountain resort. A week passed all too quickly, and the young people found themselves constantly thrown together—now at a hotel hop, again in the Garden of the Gods, and anon on the way to Pike's Peak. Harry found an ever increasing pleasure in the company of Mary, and he lost all interest in a contemplated trip to Salt Lake. When Mary told him that her party was going to start homeward on the morrow, Harry contrived to bring up the matter in a casual way with her father, and intimated that he was going to start eastward the next day. Mr. Field inquired what route he intended to take.

"Why, I thought of going back by a different road in order to see more of the country," ventured the young man.

"Experience has taught me not to try experiments. I want safety, speed and comfort, and I find that the Burlington route excels all others in those respects. Our party will go back by the same line. Just think of the luxury of that vestibuled train. A person can walk from end to end without going out of the car, and without having his hat or hair blown off. No dust, no clouds, no half the noise or jolting of an ordinary train. You must pardon my enthusiasm," said the old gentleman, half ashamed at this display of youthful spirit, "but, nevertheless, it is true. The Burlington Vestibuled Flyer is a wonderful creation when compared with the traveling accommodations of a few years ago. Those Pullman cars are palaces—much more comfortable than any palace of a hundred years ago. Think of having an electric bell button at every seat and servants to answer the calls, day or night. And that library of late books right there in the car must be a great satisfaction to all who like to read. With those dining cars on the train one has all the luxury and conveniences of a city club room or an elegant home—at least all that one could expect on a train going over the country at thirty or forty miles an hour. And for people who cannot afford a Pullman those free chair cars are a generous provision. That smoking car exclusively for first-class passengers ought to be a drawing card. Oh, I am enthusiastic over the Burlington—most Chicago people are—because we always find that it gives us the best of everything. It is generally the first in the field with every new improvement and I don't care to make experiments with other lines. Why, just think of it! We get into our car in Denver and don't have to change until we reach home. And you could go all the way to New York with but one change, and that would be at a union depot in Chicago. You had better go with us, hadn't you, Harry?"

That is just what Harry wanted to do, and after a show of consideration he said he believed he would. Thus tacitly installed as one of the party, Harry felt at liberty to be in constant attendance upon Miss Mary. It was dark the next evening when they were ushered by a polite porter into a sleeping car at Denver. The ladies were tired and their berths were made up early. Bell retired to the smoking room to do some serious thinking, and a fragrant cigar helped him to reflection. He realized that at the rate of speed he was going a few hours would bring him to Chicago, where he would have to part from the Fields, partly. The thought gave him keen regret, and after several hours' reflection, in which blue eyes and auburn hair were strangely mixed with the figures representing his income, Harry went to his berth with a look of determination in his face.

After a delicious breakfast in the dining car the next morning, during which they flew over the prairies of Nebraska, Harry suggested to Mary that they go to the rear platform. "I think we can get a finer view of a rich country that was put down as a part of the Great American desert in the geography of my school boy days."

"But isn't it dangerous to stand out on the platform?" she objected.

"Oh, no; the porter will get us some camp stools. We'll sit in the vestibule, and you will find the opening protected by a wire net work."

The young people had a pleasant time chatting about all manner of things. Harry told his companion of the legend of Tartarax, of how the Spanish cavalier Coronado had reached the Republican river about 250 years ago in search of the fabulous kingdom of Quivira, of how he met Tartarax wearing the breastplate cast away by some other Spanish explorer who had passed that way. Mary listened to the curious legend with intelligent interest, and Harry passed to the tender subject nearest his heart. But why intrude on that sacred moment. It was the old but ever new story of love. Mary also told her affection for her girlhood lover and gave Harry permission to speak to her father. The young man stated the case to Mr. Field with much trepidation and almost afraid that the other passengers knew what they were talking about. Mary's father hemmed and hawed, said it was a very important matter and asked for time to consult Mrs. Field.

The train was approaching Lincoln, and Mr. Field sent a telegram to a New York friend asking him to look up Harry Bell's standing and wire immediately. A satisfactory answer was received late in the afternoon, while the car was speeding across the state of Iowa, and as the little party were gathered about the tempting supper table in the dining car Mr. and Mrs. Field gave their formal consent to the engagement of the two young people. It was a deliciously happy evening for Harry and Mary, and when they left the flyer in Chicago the next day Harry

promised to return from New York in four weeks.

"And next fall, Mary, we'll go to the Nebraska state fair and to the Colorado mountains again and we will celebrate the anniversary of our courtship by taking the Burlington Route and going in the Vestibuled Flyer."

BYE THE BYE.

Of course it is rank heresy to question the excellence of a lecture by Talmage, but if the people who heard him at St. Paul's church Saturday evening would give an honest opinion of the effort a big majority would express keen disappointment. The subject was "The School for Scandal." The speaker told of the prevalence of tattling and scandalizing. He told this several times over, and he repeatedly said it was very wrong and harmful and ought to be stopped. There was nothing that had not already been told them over and over again by their own ministers and own their papers. Most of his jokes were gray-haired veterans of many a minstrel and almanac campaign, and were greeted with sickly smiles. He told of the two Irishmen who found a mile-stone reading "108 miles from Baltimore," and mistook it for a tombstone. He told of a mythical household in which the wife threw a plate at the husband and hit a motto reading "God Bless Our Home." He told of the philosopher who ordered a dinner of the best thing in the world and got tongue, and then ordered a dinner of the worst thing in the world and got tongue again. These are fair samples of the whiskered chesnuts that this lecturer coined into big silver dollars. He said it was impossible by moral suasion to induce these tattlers to quit, and yet he spent two hours in that very thing at a cost to the people of several hundred dollars. He spoke of spoiling a man's character, instead of his reputation, by tattling on him. He said there never was a greater misrepresentation than the statement in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. On this piece of petty-fogging he built the plea of charity for those who inherit bad tendencies. But why pursue the subject? Mr. Talmage, by methods worthy an ambitious actress, brought himself before the people in such a way as to fill them with an intense curiosity to see the man, and they pay their dollars for that privilege, but the man is capable of better stuff than he ruled off in Lincoln.

A. B. Hays, the historian, is on the highway to fortune. His history of Lincoln will net him handsomely, and when he has gathered in the odds and ends he is going to New York. He has invitations to visit a couple of schoolmates who have made big stakes "on the street," and they offer to give him all the tips he can carry in both arms. The whilom editor will be coming back next spring in a special car, with a darkey to hold his hat, and Bye-the-Bye wants it understood right now that he is a friend of Hays. He particularly wants Mr. Hays to understand that.

Supt. Armstrong of the Beatrice institution for feeble minded was in the city the other day and announced that he would make an exhibition at the state fair of the handiwork of the girls under his charge. If people only knew how pitifully deficient many of the children are they would be astonished at the excellence of the work produced. Then if they will remember that this is the result of the training they get at the institution they will get an inkling of its beneficence. Many of the inmates when received could not distinguish the brightest of colors from each other, and they could not tell a ball from a block. Some were so helpless they could not string big beads until trained. Many of them have not only been taught simple handiwork, but are learning to read and write. Dr. Armstrong is studying upon a plan for industrial work for the boys. He has about concluded that shoemaking or brushmaking is the most available. With the former a considerable part of the product, perhaps all, could be used in the institution itself. Brush-making is a simple operation, requiring an inexpensive plant, and in the Minnesota institution has produced a profit. But the Nebraska superintendent is not seeking mere profit from the labor of his unfortunates. These poor children are more or less confined, particularly in winter, and it will be a godsend to give them some light employment to while away the long tedious hours.

The professional boomer has apparently taken Nebraska in hand. He recently came from New England, bought the farms lying about Kearney, filled them full of cheap stakes, tagged the spaces between "city lot," inflated the price to the bursting point, sold out and left the town. He has turned up at Gothenburg, a hamlet on the U. P. that has long been dead and buried in the weeds. He has options on all the farm property about town and has contracted for a canal and water-power that will beat Kearney. And the suckers will bite!

It is hard to class "Monbars." It certainly is not a comedy and it would hardly be called a tragedy. It is a piece of Frenchness, with all the earmarks of its paterfamilias: a sensational marriage, a wife suspected of unfaithfulness, a meddlesome lover of a married woman, a duel, blood, thunder, hysterics, a mysterious jangle for a plot and so on to the end of the list. It is not an improbability in France for a woman to plight her troth to a man on sight for the mere asking. It is the expected thing for a married woman to have a lover and for the husband to accept the situation as a matter of course; but the French have a slumbering respect for virtue and decency, and when a man rises to the heroic height of resenting upon his wife the suspicion of her impurity that respect is aroused into something that might pass for admiration. And if a man condemn the wife without a chance for defense, without a plea of extenuation, without pity or pause, the hid-

eous brutality of the thing never appears to them. It is probable, however, that the Frenchman is not as bad as pictured in his plays. Mantell and "Monbars" make an evening pass very pleasantly. They have an agreeable taste in the mouth of the ordinary theatre-goer, who is satisfied with sensation; but, analyzed critically, the result is a curious conglomeration. Monbars is a blood-thirsty pirate, but the poor devils whose throats he cuts and whose children he orphaned were only Englishmen and not worthy a thought. "What a magnificent pirate," said Madame Blanche, and a woman in the audience said: "Ain't he nice? What a cunning little snob. That suit's just too lovely," and so on ad nauseam. It is gush, gush, gush. Mantell is a finished actor, and so are a dozen other leading men. He has been shrewd enough to pose as the idol of gushy women, and his fortune is made. A man passing handsome, who can wear plush dressing gowns trimmed with seal skin, is "too sweet for anything." If he can pose and do the throat, so much the better, but it is an open question if that is necessary. Lovely woman is a queer creature, anyhow. Improbable and coarse as "Monbars" is in many respects, it is a play exceptionally fully of stirring bits of business and strong climactic situations, and the man who goes to the theatre for sensation will not spoil his pleasure looking for quality or morality. Mantell's support was ragged. Miss Behrens as "Diane" was pretty of face, attractive of figure, graceful in movement and, like Mantell, couched to kill. Her impersonation was pleasing in the main but lacking in the tender passages, both voice and eyes being untractable. The simulation of a shuddering horror when clasped in the arms of her husband was rather the finest bit of acting in her part. Miss Sheldon acted up to her ability as Madame Blanche, but she is woefully deficient in voice and figure. The rest of the support were weak. But, after all, perhaps dramatic criticism had better go into its hole and pull the hole in after it, when an audience presumably of the best people of the city applaud a society play with howls. No wonder that Mantell grinned.

Dr. M. H. Garten of this city is the owner of a mad-stone given him by A. Hogeland, "the newboys' friend." It is in the form of a half of a globe of about three-quarters of an inch diameter. It has the appearance of a limestone formation and is porous. Last week Landlord Roggen of the Capital Hotel received from Lieut.-Gov. Meikeljohn a telegram asking for a mad-stone, two men having been bitten by a dog in his town, Fullerton. After diligent inquiry Mr. Roggen learned of Dr. Garten's possession and sent it north. The bitten men were treated and professed a sense of decided relief. A stranger, discussing the matter the other day, told Mr. Roggen that the mad-stone was a formation made within a deer similar to the stone in the bladder found in man. Whether the mad-stone has any efficacy or not, its use can do no harm and it is well enough to know where one can get it. When applied to the wound the stone sticks to the flesh, and its pores are gradually filled with a greenish substance supposed to be the hydrophobic poison.

Enough entries have been received for the state tennis tournament next week to ensure its being a go. The schedule will be made up Monday morning and all entries must be in before that time. Play will begin at ten o'clock Tuesday morning. Following are the entries thus far received, but it is known that others will be made: Singles—From Omaha, W. G. Dome, Hastings, O. G. Smith; Ellwood, C. B. Lee; Lincoln, Frank L. Sheldon, Douglas—Omaha, Deane and A. (Gulon); Ellwood, Lee and R. D. Lamson; Hastings, Smith and P. L. Johnson; Lincoln, Sheldon and C. C. Burr. The prizes will be a Slocum racket presented by Spalding and two Sears rackets, one presented by Schmelzer & Sons Kansas City. Since the above was written Lawrence C. Keek and Selden Y. Osborne of Kearney have entered for both singles and doubles.

State fair week is great enough of itself, but the people of Lincoln intend to make this year's attractions outside all previous events. On Thursday evening next will occur the grand trades display amid brilliant illuminations, and on Friday evening the biggest and finest exhibition of fireworks ever seen in the state will be made. The gentlemen in charge assure us that these displays will be on a scale that will astonish people.

Visitors to the city may see on South Eleventh street the spectacle of a big three-story brick building being lowered bodily several feet. Odd Fellows' hall is being let down to the grade of the street. Hoops have been punched through the foundation wall and heavy timbers inserted. Under these beams are several hundred jackscrews. After the rest of the foundation support is removed the screws will all be turned together, and the huge pile will settle so gradually as not to crack the plaster or disturb the tenants. After the Chicago fire whole streets in that city were lifted out of the mud in similar manner, so that this sort of undertaking is no experiment.

The B. & M. runs trains, depot to fair grounds, every ten minutes. Only ten cents for round trip. This is the cheapest and altogether the most convenient way to and from the grounds. Tickets at Zieman's, corner O and Tenth streets, or at B. & M. depot.

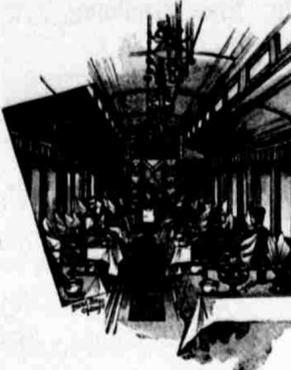
Dr. R. C. Trogdon, Dentist, 228 South 11th street. Telephone 431.

Try an oyster stew or oysters in any style at Don Cameron's. They are fine.

2,000 yards of embroidery at 5c a yard at the great closing out sale at Ashley & Mills-paugh's. Former price 15c.

Brown is ready to serve baquets, wedding collations and other spreads on short notice.

The choicest brand of cigars, the finest fruit and confectionery and the various flavors of pure ice cream may be found at Morton & Leighty's new store, 1130 N. street.



week just departed. The crowds had scattered to their homes, and only a few belated exhibitors lingered about the hotel corridors or busied themselves in packing their trunks. Seated in the parlor of the Windsor, with a



eweled hand and daintily on the plush-covered arm of a tete-a-tete sat a pretty young lady with a form of soft outlines arrayed in a neat-fitting gown of summer gray. Miss Mary Field had received a card reading Harry W. Bell and came to the parlor to meet the owner of the name.

"I fear you may not remember me," began the young man as he entered the room.

"Indeed, I do remember Harry Bell, and I am very glad to see you," was the cordial interruption. "I am surprised, but one should not be, for friends so often meet in unexpected places."

"I caught a glimpse of you the other day as you were passing my exhibit, but I could hardly believe it was you until I saw you out riding last evening."

"Yes, papa, mama and I have been here several days. We had heard a great deal of the beauty of Lincoln and we were not a bit disappointed when we rode out to see for ourselves."

"I am sorry I did not know sooner of your presence. I am stopping at the Capital hotel or I would have seen you at noon time. But how do you happen to be in Lincoln?"

"Oh, papa had a case of some kind involving Nebraska lands and he had to come to Lincoln to look up data. We have been out to the fair several times, and I have been so delighted with it all and with my first trip to the fair west that I don't want to leave, but we start at noon tomorrow for Denver."

"How lucky! I am about to visit Colorado myself. What line do you take?"

"We go by the Burlington route, and we take the train called 'the Flyer.' Papa doesn't have time to make many trips, and he says that when he does go he means to take the railroads that offer the shortest lines and the most comfort."

"You need not be surprised to see me on the train tomorrow, then," said the young man.

"I shall be glad to have you, and I know papa and mama will be pleased to see you again."

Then the two began to compare notes as young people will after a separation of years. They had been playmates when children and grew up together in Philadelphia until the fates drew their life lines far apart. Family misfortune had compelled Harry to go out into the world and make a place for himself. Fortunately he had taken a course in mechanical engineering and he found employment in an eastern

factory. His industry and natural aptitude had secured him rapid advancement, and at the age of twenty eight he had a small interest in the establishment and had a responsible share of the management. He had come to the Nebraska state fair in charge of an exhibit of a harvesting machine. Alfred

little folks romping through the halls, but that our home is not so fine as this. Did you ever see such easy seats, and can that wool be mahogany? It reflects my face like a mirror."

"Yes, it is mahogany, and the log from which those panels were cut was imported from Bombay at a cost of nearly eight thousand dollars—so Mr. Whitmore told me the other day, and he has business relations with Mr. Pullman."

"Oh, my! If one log cost eight thousand dollars, I wonder what the whole train must have cost. Isn't it nice for the dining car to be in front of us? And to think that we can walk right into it with our hats and gloves off, as we can into the dining room at home. But father, wouldn't it be lovely to give a party on this train? We could use one car as a reception room, the other two drawing-room cars for our guests to enjoy themselves in, and we could march down the aisle to the dining room while an orchestra played for us, and at the same time be flying along over the country."

"Yes, and after dinner the gentlemen could go further forward and enjoy their cigars in a smoking room as cozy to lounge in as the reading room of my club."

"If we cannot have a large party, father, why not a small one? I could ask Mr. Bell to dinner, and you, mama and I would just make four."

"Oh, but that is the reason you led the conversation up to the subject of a party! Well, I have no objection. Harry was always a bright boy and his uncle tells me that

oacles for the tables of the Burlington dining cars. After tea the ladies were escorted to their section in the "Liverpool," and the smoking room being already occupied, the gentlemen went forward to the first-class smoker. They found all the cars vestibuled, which shut out cinders, dust and much noise. The smoking car was provided with movable rattan chairs and it presented a clean, handsome, inviting appearance.

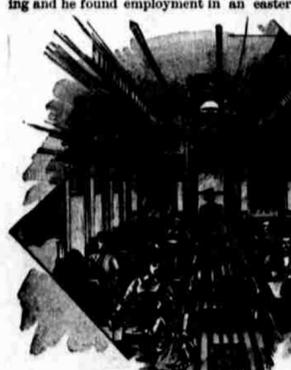
"This car is characteristic of the policy of the Burlington route in catering to the best class of travelers," said Mr. Field. "It is for the exclusive use of the holders of first-class tickets."

"This vestibuled train is a magnificent thing and one can't help marveling at its elegance compared with a few years ago. Is any element of safety added?" asked the young man.

"Yes, one of the chief merits claimed for the vestibule is that it effectually prevents the telescoping of cars in case of collision. It also overcomes the swaying motion imparted to ordinary trains when rounding curves at high speed."

And thus they spent a pleasant half hour chatting about the wonderful changes in railroad travel within a very few years. They also took a look into one of the free chair cars provided by the Burlington route. They are nicely carpeted, finished in quarter-sawn oak and very handsomely frescoed. They are provided with a lavatory, in which are plenty of towels, brushes, combs and mirrors. These cars are also vestibuled. When they returned to the "Liverpool" they found a half-dozen men whiling away the time in after supper comfort and distinctively American attitudes. At a desk in one corner a somewhat carelessly dressed man of about forty-five, with deep-set eyes and dreamy expression, was copying the score of a sonata and softly humming the air. In an adjoining room, fitted with a walnut card-table, four elderly men were enjoying a game of whist. Several ladies were reading books from the car library. The long room was bathed in soft light, the jar of the car was hardly perceptible and the luxurious furnishings gave the room the appearance of a richly furnished parlor.

When Bell had his friends good-night and returned to his own car he lit a cigar and sat down to think. Lounging on the soft seat and lazily puffing the smoke above his upturned face, he allowed his thoughts to wander at will. The train was running so smoothly that its motion, almost imperceptible, helped to lull him into a meditative mood. His mind reverted to the graceful young lady with whom he had just dined to the girl who had bewitched his joyous fancy eleven years before. He thought of how he walked home with her from school; of how he hovered near her at the picnics in summer, anxious to push her when in the swing and to be her partner at croquet. He could easily see how the winsome manner of the bright-eyed girl had developed into the refined demeanor of the young woman in whose companionship during the day he had felt a constant delight. He remembered that at a nutting party in Pennsylvania one day, when the October air acted as champagne to youthful spirits, and the woods were brown and red and bronze and yellow, he and Mary had strayed from their comrades, and in a fit of unusual mood he had stolen a kiss. The dream was carried into his sleep, and when he awoke during the night there was a feeling of delicious unconcern. The flickering lights outside, the subdued conversation of careful employees, as they tapped the wheels and made sure that all was well, was music to his ears, and imparted a comfortable sense of complete security, while, within, the cars



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